

Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Freeman

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FOR ZION'S HERALD.
SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.
RESULTS OF THE EUROPEAN WAR.
Opinions differ greatly respecting the probable results of the European war. Some, in view of the despotic character of the Prussian Government, the unscrupulousness with which it has violated its constitutional compacts with the people, and the well-known reactionary views of Count Bismarck, regard the success of Prussia as fatal to the cause of liberty upon the continent. Others, in view of the manifest advantages to Germany, of the union that has been secured, which is expected to prevent strife between the petty States into which it is divided, without any partiality towards the victor, are still disposed to regard his success as favorable. Very little can be said in favor of Prussian domination so far as the question of morality and honesty is concerned. The following caricatures of Prussian policy, that appear in *Panetia*, will be generally recognized as parodies from an old and familiar source.

King William (from above stairs.) Haven't annexed the Duchies?
Baron Bismarck (below). Yes, Sir.
King (to the Baron). You have not annexed the Duchies? Yes, Sir.
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eral officer, replied "that he would be happy to bury the entire Federal army." The editor adds, that if Father Mellon had been on the other side, and made a similar remark, Englishmen would have condemned it as atrocious.

Blackwood is still consistent in maintaining its high Tory hatred of America. It still regrets that England did not join with France in recognizing the Confederacy, and lays the blame principally to Mr. Gladstone.

Those parents, the gold of the temple adorning, its beautiful porch and its grandeur enjoy. The pride of their nation their Jewish savior bring. They gaze, and lose sight of the beautiful Boy. Not knowing that Lion walks with them in Zion, A greater than David, his heavenly Son!

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beings has made and have of humanity, breaking down all the barriers between persons and things. The eternal distinction between right and wrong has been so frittered away, that it will take years to re-establish it in their minds in all its sacred sanctity and authority. Every relation to God and to man has been shockingly disorganized by slavery. No one should be surprised at the degraded condition of the Freedmen, but rather astonished that so much that is really noble has survived the wreck, and that so many specimens of real worth can be found among those who have for centuries been subjected to such a fearful doom. It is not the part of wisdom for the friends of humanity and religion to shuffle off of sight the degraded condition of millions of this unfortunate race; but let the fact be honestly admitted, and its guilt charged upon slavery, the chief cause of all this wretchedness. As a race they are degraded, and slavery has made them such. "It is cruel on the part of the master to reproach the freedman for his depravity, for everything which is peculiar in it is attributable to slavery. We rejoice in the lofty specimens of Christian character frequently exhibited among the slaves; but these should be considered as exceptions, illustrations of what the mass would be if the chains of slavery, and the legitimate fruits of oppression—fruits of instruction on the part of Christian masters and teachers, in spite of the laws of chattelism forbidding to teach the slave even to read the pure precepts of the blessed Jesus.

UNLESS teachers and ministers properly qualified enter and cultivate this neglected field, the most deplorable consequences will follow. Their religion will run into fanaticism and wildness, and will excite the fiercest passions of the barbarism that the more devoted Christians worship. The sad condition of this people furnishes the strongest appeal for aid, for they are very heathen in the midst of this boasted Christian people. They must be lifted out of this terrible state by intelligent ministers and pious teachers, through the attractive power of the cross of Christ. Never was there a field where intelligent Christian effort was more imperatively demanded, and where more glorious harvests were waiting to be reaped. This moral darkness shall give way to the moral power of an enlightened ministry, for it is the foolishness of preaching, by holy men called of God to this work, that this vast population of neglected people shall be Christianized—fitted for usefulness here, and a blissful immortality hereafter.

THE mission work has demonstrated the necessity of its being supplemented by intelligent and pious female teachers; and we anticipate the happiest results from a large reinforcement of this class of missionary assistants. I purpose to present, as briefly as possible, the results of my investigations in reference to the Freedmen.

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of Methodism from its origin has made the Centenary Jubilee Meetings of Philadelphia quite heavenly—has made them times of joy and refreshing to many pious hearts.

Our thank offerings will not prove so large as those presented in some other sections of the church. Still we shall have much whereof we may rejoice in coming days. Some noble-minded members of the church have signalled the Centenary year by providing Methodist Episcopal Church Bazaar, located at 1018 A Street, a most eligible site, well adapted to become the rallying point of Methodist counsels and power. The building contains a Book Room, Church Extension Room, a beautiful Bishop's Room, and a commodious Room for holding the Preachers' Meetings.

It is confidently hoped we will raise for the endowment of Dickinson College about \$50,000 in thirty lines—which amount, added to the offerings for a like purpose from the remaining parts of the patronizing territory, will place this time-honored institution on the highway of glorious usefulness for ages. Dickinson College has now a scholarly President, an able and learned faculty. All that is requisite for a triumphant career is a handsome endowment, which we hope soon to record as actually secured—*fulfill accomplished*.
Nov., 1866.

HE THAT GLORIETH, LET HIM GLORY IN THE LORD.
We had a Centenary love feast last evening. Many from neighboring churches joined the service, and we had indeed "a feast of fat things." The testimonies were cheering. Holiness to the Lord seemed to be the motto of all.

As I walked down to our church, many thoughts came crowding into my mind; the moon shone with its clear light, rays upon all around—emblems of its Creator—unchangeable, the same as when Adam gazed upon it in the garden of Eden. I looked down to earth; the autumn leaves were falling, and all nature spoke of decay and change. I strove to cast my mind back one century, through our dear church's history. How many had traveled through our land with weary feet, and unwavering faith, carrying the glad tidings of salvation to thousands, who, listening to their voices, accepted the glorious truth, and with their sainted teachers, are now in glory. Who can read the history of Methodism in this country and not have their hearts stirred by the reverence and gratitude to its old pioneers, who in the "endured hardness as good soldiers of the cross;" they prepared the way, many of them without education, but fitted with the Holy Ghost. Accessions were daily made to our church through their instrumentality, and now where do we stand? We who have the light of education, the advantages of our colleges and seminaries, scattered throughout those very places where our fathers worshiped in log houses, and in the open air, do we, now a great people, improve the blessing so richly bestowed upon us. Have we the self-sacrificing spirit of our fathers; and though not called upon to suffer as they did, yet we may do our part in the work they began, and all rich or poor may contribute to the glorious cause they espoused amidst every discouragement.

I cannot look abroad upon our churches and seats of learning without a tribute of grateful praise to those who fought so manfully the battles of the Lord in their wilderness land; the Lord was with them and spoke through them. I look forward through the next century and ask, What will avail our great educational institutions, if the earnest piety of our fathers is not there, if our ministers sent forth from them have not a baptism of the Holy Ghost? In this moment of prayer for good that great men to lead the vast army of the Methodists to the field of Christ; but let the two be combined—a pure heart, and a clear, powerful intellect, and prosperity is ever ours. S.

WORK AND PRAYER.
The two should go together. A gentleman who had long been praying for the souls of others, at last began to look about him anxiously to see who he could do good to. He found that as he was on his way to church one Sunday evening, he met a young man who did not appear to be going to any place of worship. He respectfully addressed him, entered into conversation with him, invited him to go to church with him, offering him a seat in his own pew. Succeeding in this case, he was encouraged to proceed, until he was the means of leading one hundred young men to become student attendants upon the seminary, and many of them were converted. He then began to pray for good that great men to lead the vast army of the Methodists to the field of Christ; but let the two be combined—a pure heart, and a clear, powerful intellect, and prosperity is ever ours. S.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN VACUUM TUBES.
Much interest has been excited of late by the vacuum tubes of Geissler, of Bonn, and of other Gasco, of England, for the production of variously tinted and stratified currents of electric light. In these ingenious tubes—first devised by Geissler—the current of electricity from an induction coil is made to traverse exceedingly thin atmosphere of different, or even mixed gases, producing diverse forms and colors of light. When a capillary tube is expanded at intervals into bulbs, and the whole is filled with exceedingly attenuated hydrogen gas, the result is very beautiful—a red light shooting through the capillary duct, and the bulbs glowing with white light. By using nitrogen, carbonic acid and other media in the tubes, and varying the intensity of the electric current, various beautiful results of color, stratification and diffusion are obtained, and by the adroit revolution of these tubes on a wheel, electric fireworks of almost enchanting splendor and beauty may be produced.

A FAITHFUL GRANDSON.
A grandson of Gen. Cass, about thirteen years of age, a very reserved and thoughtful boy, who was accustomed to read the Bible to his grandfather, came into his room one day, and after sitting in a meditative mood for some time, looked up earnestly and said, "Grandpa, do you love Jesus?" With some emotion the General replied, "I hope I do, my child, but not as much as I ought." "Well," said the boy, "I will pray for you," and he arose and left the room. After a short absence he returned, and said, with a light earnestness, "Grandpa, I want you to say that you do love Jesus, and not that you hope." The General was quite overcome by the appeal, and related the incident to his daughter with much emotion.

RICHES AND HONOR ARE GOOD.—The desire to possess them is a natural one, and it is not wrong to agree to with virtue, the wise man ought to contend and poverty and ignominy are evil; man naturally avoids them. If these attack the wise man, it is right that he should rid himself of them, but not by crime.—*Confucius*.

THE BELIEVER LIVES BY CHRIST.—The believer lives by Christ, like Christ, and for Christ. The same principles, pursuits and motives which Christ had, must be the exercises of his life. The believer's life is one which Christ has redeemed, animated and endowed with spiritual gifts, in order that it may be spent in his service. It is not merely for enjoyment, or character, or privilege, that this life was imparted, but for action.

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Poetry.

For Zion's Herald.

AN ANGEL NOW.

The following beautiful lines were found among the papers of JENNIE H., shortly after her death.

I shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.

No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheeks where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joy of Heaven,
I am one of the angel band;
To my head a crown is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing
Whom Jesus hath made free;
And the glorious halls of new now ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain—
Safe in my happy home—
My friends all find, my doubts all slain
My hour of triumph come.

Friends of my mortal years,
The trusted ones who loved me true,
Thou art walking still in the vale of tears,
But I am at thy side.

Do not forget, O one!
For memories golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the heart below,
Till they meet and touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
From freshly drawn, like a river of light,
To the world, from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the noise of war
And the rage of conflict die?

Then why should you tears roll down
And your heart be sorely riven,
For another star in the Savior's crown
And another soul in Heaven.

Correspondence.

For Zion's Herald.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

MR. EDITOR:—As your readers are liable to lose sight of the centre or "hub" of the continent, unless some effort is made to keep them posted by your humble correspondent, I will venture another communication in regard to Kansas affairs. Having been employed recently three times by the Presiding Elder of this district to supply his appointments, and once by our Centenary agent, I have enjoyed opportunities of seeing more of the State and extending my acquaintance among our people. If any one in describing this country to those who have never been out of New England could expect to secure assent to the whole truth, without being suspected of exaggeration, should we more than Kansas affairs. Having been employed recently three times by the Presiding Elder of this district to supply his appointments, and once by our Centenary agent, I have enjoyed opportunities of seeing more of the State and extending my acquaintance among our people. If any one in describing this country to those who have never been out of New England could expect to secure assent to the whole truth, without being suspected of exaggeration, should we more than Kansas affairs.

My first visit away from home was to a stone school-house, four miles east of this city, on the Kaw bottom. The land on this bottom between Lawrence and Eudora is fast coming under cultivation. Land in this neighborhood has gone up in value within three years past, some 400 or 500 per cent., and when its fertility and products are considered, it is not at all strange. It is very fertile, and is adapted to all the various products of agriculture. One farmer has raised 1100 bushels of wheat there, and several others nearly as much. We have had an excellent crop of this staple in Kansas the present season for the amount sown.

My second visit was at Topeka, the State capital, which is a beautiful city situated on a high and elevated site, and is centrally located. The corner-stone of the State House was laid with imposing ceremonies and exercises the same week of my visit. It is a pleasant site—the whole city in fact is elevated, and affords from many points a very fine prospect. It has now a very good class of buildings, a large portion of brick and finished stone, and when the State House is completed and improved, and the other public buildings have gone on, I judge it will be a perfect gem. It may not be a large city, as it is not a natural commercial emporium, and it has been the policy of the civil authorities, unwisely I think, to scatter the different State institutions to various points. But whoever may desire a residence in the midst of an intelligent population, with good religious, educational and social privileges, will not miss the mark at Topeka.

Building on this place, let me ask your readers to accompany me in imagination at least some 50 miles farther up the Kaw valley, to the Pacific Railroad to Manhattan, the seat of the State Agricultural College, over which Dr. Dennison, a member of our Conference, not unknown in New England, presides. Dr. Dennison, combining with aptness to teach, ease and efficiency in administration and discipline, the urban character of a gentleman is deservedly popular in his position as an educator. Prof. Judge, also, former State Geologist from the excellent Lynn school, is making his mark in the department of Natural Science. He has in addition to the other qualifications for his place, just that amount of enthusiasm necessary to give him success in unfolding and illustrating the subtle laws of the kingdom of nature. During the last vacation the Professor collected some eighty miles west of Manhattan, a variety of mineral specimens; among them some of the finest leaf impressions in red sandstone I ever saw.

I must not detain the reader to tell him about the Centenary sermon your correspondent tried to preach on Sunday morning, or the one that followed in the evening by Rev. G. W. Paddock, though the latter was most excellent. I will not ask him to stay with me long in the college hall where I talked to the students at 3 o'clock on Sunday, nor at the table of a former New Hampshire Methodist family on Monday, where the appetite was served by Buffalo steak, just brought home from the hunt by one of the sons in the family. But I will just hint to the patient reader, that if he had enjoyed a ride with Dr. Dennison, his estimate laid your correspondent on to Blue Mount, east of Manhattan village, on Oct. 29th in the afternoon, he would have had a feast of vision, a feast of soul.

The Kaw River, the Big Blue and their junction near the depot, the Wild Cat Creek in the West with their several belts of timber; the grand expanse of river bottoms; the irregular mounds of the Blue in the northeast; and the regular water marked ones of the Kaw in the southwest, with the village nestled near the centre, flanked by the college buildings and grounds on an eminence 1-2 miles West, form a picture not often equalled in natural scenery. The most prominent point in it is the large school of bluffs, with their seemingly natural openings, showing the plainest marks of the swaying, surging waters that once played around their base and crown.

Let me suggest to those who make the fine arts a specialty in the East, that if they desire to make one of the finest contributions to the Ladies' Repository or any art gallery, to find their way when the green of next summer is put on, to Blue Mount. If they still have time to view and trans-

Children.

For Zion's Herald.

A SONG FOR LITTLE MAY.

Have you heard the willows singing,
Little May?

Where the willows green are leaning,
O'er the pebbles at their feet,
Are the words the waves repeat,
Night and day?

Have you heard the robins singing,
Little one?

Where the rosy day is breaking—
When 'tis done,
Have you heard the woodpecker,
In the hollow oak-tree,
And the drowsy hum of bees,
In the sun.

All the earth is full of music,
Bird, and bee, and wave singing,
On its way—
Let the willows fall,
On thy heart with happy call,
Praise the Lord who loveth all,
Night and day.

—Little Corporal.

For Zion's Herald.

DANGERS OF THE DYING HOUR.

One of the inmates of the House—a very near years ago—was supposed to be a girl seven years old, having been very sick for several days with typhoid fever. The chaplain, in company with the Matron, visited the Hospital, hoping to be able in some moments of consciousness to have a few words of conversation with her, and to pray for her. She was delirious most of the time, but for a short time she recognized her mother who was standing by her bedside. I asked her if she knew me, and she answered at once, "O, yes; it is Mr. Roach." This was the name of the minister at the Allen Street Church, where she had worshipped before coming to the Refuge. She was a member also of the Sabbath School connected with it.

"But do you not know your Presbyterian in the chapel?"

"Mr. Roach sometimes, and Mr. P. sometimes,"

Her mind was evidently wandering, with only a gleam of intelligence breaking through the darkness.

"Who is your chaplain?"

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"How this answer would have touched that good minister's heart if he had heard it! Months before he had preached to her, probably not knowing the child by name, and now, in her hours of delirium, the sight of even a familiar minister recalls his name to her lips."

"You used to attend Sabbath School?"

"O, yes," said she, immediately.

"Of whom did you learn there?"

"Of Jesus Christ," said she, without any hesitation.

"And what did you learn about Jesus Christ?"

The question was hardly asked, before she responded, "That he died for sinners, of whom I am one;" and immediately burst into tears.

All in the room were most affected. They were struck with this—while she could not recognize the minister clearly that had preached to her within a few weeks, she spoke without any hesitation or indistinctness about the great work of her Saviour.

"I shall ask Jesus, who died for sinners, to have mercy upon you and save you!"

"O, yes," she answered, with much feeling.

At the close of the prayer, we all united in the Lord's Prayer. Above our voices the broken tones of the poor sick girl were heard, pronouncing, with trembling distinctness, every sentence of this blessed prayer. All the inmates of the room were in tears when we arose from our knees.

To the question whether she did then trust in the Saviour as dying for her and forgiving her sins, she answered, with the manifestation of great feeling and sincerity, "I do."

No one present could avoid the feeling that the whole scene had become a rational one, and that the sick girl fully understood her condition.

It pleased God to rebuke the fever, and in a few days she began to recover. The chaplain again visited her. She was very tender, and

Children.

For Zion's Herald.

A SONG FOR LITTLE MAY.

Have you heard the willows singing,
Little May?

Where the willows green are leaning,
O'er the pebbles at their feet,
Are the words the waves repeat,
Night and day?

Have you heard the robins singing,
Little one?

Where the rosy day is breaking—
When 'tis done,
Have you heard the woodpecker,
In the hollow oak-tree,
And the drowsy hum of bees,
In the sun.

All the earth is full of music,
Bird, and bee, and wave singing,
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Let the willows fall,
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